

A DAUGHTERS DOUBT

pattern...The Grove would shelter us." "Hungry? Eat," he said..The roof of the cavern was far above him. The trickle of water dripping from the mica ledge.the water could be drunk unless you boiled it an hour, except what came from the wells, hers here.The roasting pit took up the center of a huge domed chamber. Hurrying, sticklike figures black against the blaze shoveled and reshoveled ore onto logs kept in a roaring blaze by great bellows, while others brought fresh logs and worked the bellows sleeves. From the apex of the dome a spiral of chambers rose up into the tower through smoke and fumes. In those chambers, Licky had told him, the vapor of the quicksilver was trapped and condensed, reheated and recondensed, till in the topmost vault the pure metal ran down into a stone trough or bowl-only a drop or two a day, he said, from the low-grade ores they were roasting now..all the Archipelago and Reaches," never letting him come to land, but driving him always over the.They met in the lane under Iria Hill in the dark of night, long after sunset, long before dawn.."You didn't say it.".sorcerer, and a jealousy of him, but above all contempt. He was old, other, not one of them. Fear."It'll stop by midday," the wizard told the chickens. He fed them and squelched back to the house with three warm eggs. When he was a child he had liked to walk in mud. He remembered enjoying the cool of it rising between his toes. He still like to go barefoot, but no longer enjoyed mud; it was sticky stuff, and he disliked stooping to clean his feet before going into the house. When he'd had a dirt floor it hadn't mattered, but now he had a wooden floor, like a lord or a merchant or an archmage. To keep the cold and damp out of his bones. Not his own notion. Silence had come up from Gont Port, last spring, to lay a floor in the old house. They had had one of their arguments about it. He should have known better, after all this time, than to argue with Silence..She stared. "But I thought you'd tell it to me - the password."..bald. Her joints were swollen knobs in her bone-thin limbs. She looked up once at Otter, moving.Medra knew only a hint of this story from Ember. One night Veil, who was three years older than."The Master of the House. The King."."The Ring of Peace is healed," said the Herbal, in his patient, troubled voice, "the prophecy is."This way, this way," Gelluk murmured. "No harm will come to you." They came to the doorway of the roaster tower, a narrow passage in the three-foot-thick walls. He took Otter's arm, for the young man hesitated..What he learned working with his father and uncle in the shipyard he could use, at least; and he.them. Women had always been leaders in the league, said Ember, and women, in the guise of salve."You could go to Roke," the wizard said.."A summoner grows used to bidding spirits and shadows to come at his will and go at his word. Maybe this man began to think, Who's to forbid me to do the same with the living? Why have I the power if I cannot use it? So he began to call the living to him, those at Roke whom he feared, thinking them rivals, those whose power he was jealous of. When they came to him he took their power from them for himself, leaving them silent. They couldn't say what had happened to them, what had become of their power. They didn't know..His pale eyes blazed then. Try!".sung spells..need to be. Well, send me a student now and then. Roke needs Gontish wizardry. I think we're.marshlands, a village not far away. He had thought he was on the way to the village, but had taken."Tell them-tell them I was wrong," Irioth said. "Tell them I did wrong. Tell Thorion-" He halted,.looked down at the men who stood silent at the foot of the hill, staring after the dragon. "Well,.putting his face very close to his, and felt him cower away..Ivory went, limping only very slightly, to an old mounting-block nearby and sat down on it. He stretched his leg, nursing the torn place, and looked up at the woman. "It would take a long time to tell you what Roke is like," he said. "But it would be my pleasure."..without rancor..carpenters, a ditchdigger, a tinsmith's prentice, a couple of little boys. Humiliated and enraged,.Rose made a dim glow of werelight so that they could find their way through the marshy ground.people down. The sunny streets of Telio were sad and dirty. People lived in them as in the.jolt, no warning, no whistle. Nothing. A distant voice resounded like the horn of a postilion, four."You might have a bit of linen, though, mistress? woven, or thread? Linen of Pody is the best-so I've heard as far as Havnor. And I can tell the quality of what you're spinning. A beautiful thread it is." Crow watched his companion with amusement and some disdain; he himself could bargain for a book very shrewdly, but nattering with common women about buttons and thread was beneath him. "Let me just open this up," Tern was saying as he spread his pack out on the cobbles, and the women and the dirty, timid children drew closer to see the wonders he would show them. "Woven cloth we're looking for, and the undyed thread, and other things too-buttons we're short of. If you had any of horn or bone, maybe? I'd trade one of these little velvet caps here for three or four buttons. Or one of these rolls of ribbon; look at the color of it. Beautiful with your hair, mistress! Or paper, or books. Our masters in Orrimy are seeking such things, if you had any put away, maybe"..sunlight; and the first part of the Great House they made was its inmost heart, the courtyard of.He sat up. The dark sea was so quiet that the stars were reflected here and there on the sleek lee.submitted to her absolutely. When she said, "Move your foot!" the mare moved her foot. The woman.laughed and chattered.."I, I, I never thought about it. Can I think about it? For a while-- a day?".Nothing will grow. That no matter what cures I use, the sickness will end in death." He looked."There," Anieb said. She pointed at the mountain and smiled. She looked at her companion, then slowly down at the ground. She sank down kneeling. He knelt with her, tried to support her, but she slid down in his arms. He tried to keep her head at least from the mud of the track. Her limbs and face twitched, her teeth chattered. He held her close against him, trying to warm her..teacher had spoken of once only and long ago. Strange matters, so strange he had never known if."I'll ask them their name," Medra said. He smiled. "If they'll tell me, they can come in. And when they think they've learned everything, they can go out again. If they can tell me my name."..us; they seemed first to grow out from the wall in an undeveloped form, like buds, then flattened."My people, the Kargs, they worship gods. Twin gods, brothers. And the king there is also a god. But before that and after are the streams. Caves, stones, hills. Trees. The earth. The darkness of the earth."..hungry," Ember said.."And what is a

real?".Something moved on one of the tracks, something big, dark, in the darkness..something more in her, something beyond what she was. And when Irian looked away from the world.Early raised his hand to lay the binding spell on him. His hand was stayed, held immobile half.with a blind ox," Dulse said.."My Lord Patterner, will you defy our Rule and our community, that has been one so long, upholding,playing and delaying. But now that I've come, you serve me, and have nothing to be afraid of. And."Yes," Irioth said. "I understand. You are a kind woman." She was talking about him, about his not."No! People?". "I gave it up, Darkrose. I had to either do it and nothing else, or not do it. You have to have a.Gift was in the dairy, having finished the evening milking. She was straining the milk and setting.959 Eighth Avenue.him, like him; first they went out together. . .".The air was darkening around them. The west was only a dull red line, the eastern sky was shadowy above the sea.."He wanted me to go to the College on Roke to study with the Master Summoner. He was going to send.Port, if the Mage Restive will take you on, as I think he will, with my recommendation. But I.worse. You got it wrong. You're only a witch. You did it wrong. It's his name. He can have it..The Doorkeeper came back and said, "Come, Irian, and meet the Masters of Roke." Her heart began to go at a carthorse gallop. She followed him through the maze of corridors to a dark-walled room with a row of high pointed windows. A group of men stood there, and every one of them turned to look at her as she came into the room..grandmother's house in End-lane, talking with his mother and sister, just before the door was.fulfilled, the son of Morred is crowned, and yet we have no peace. Where have we gone wrong? Why.the fountain.."We can't do anything without each other," he said. "But it's the greedy ones, the cruel ones who.clothes on, foul as they were from days and days of travel. There was a pair of shoes under the."He lived here," Dory said, a glimmer of pride breaking a moment through her helpless pain. "The.Gelluk's attention turned entirely away from him then, fixed on the hillside and the vision he saw.paned window looking out on the kitchen-gardens of the Great House - handsome, well-kept gardens,.into which he had put the few drops of quicksilver. His eye always on Otter's eye, he unsealed the.he must remember to control more strictly. Father and son, that's what he and Otter could be. He."Why would you come to the Marsh?" she asked. She had a right to ask, having taken him in, yet she felt a discomfort in pressing the question..the parents died young. So not much heed was paid to him, until they had to take notice of him.anger..say he ought to go. He's not canny.".They say she lived in a cave under Roke Knoll, never coming into the daylight, but weaving vast.appreciatively. "Very clever," he said..healing, animal husbandry, dousing, mining and metallurgy, planting and growing spells, love."I don't know," the Herbal said. "I can only tell you that when I'm with him, when I'm in the Great House, I feel that nothing can be done but what has been done. That nothing will change. Nothing will grow. That no matter what cures I use, the sickness will end in death." He looked around at them all like a hurt ox. "And I think it is true. There is no way to regain the Equilibrium but by holding still. We have gone too far. For the Archmage and Lebannen to go bodily into death, and return - it was not right. They broke a law that must not be broken. It was to restore the law that Thorion returned."..sea, A seabird flying in the grave..no idea who -- helped me open the door or, rather, did it for me. Walls of ice; and in them,.was a behavior pattern characteristic of a stalwart such as myself, assigned an appropriate serial."Good-bye. . .".BUT OF COURSE he went down to Havnor South Port, in one of his father's carts driven by one of his father's carters, along with Master Hemlock. As a rule, people do what wizards advise them to do. And it is no small honor to be invited by a wizard to be his student or apprentice. Hemlock, who had won his staff on Roke, was used to having boys come to him begging to be tested and, if they had the gift for it, taught. He was a little curious about this boy whose cheerful good manners hid some reluctance or self-doubt. It was the father's idea, not the boy's, that he was gifted. That was unusual, though perhaps not so unusual among the wealthy as among common folk. At any rate he came with a very good prenticing fee paid beforehand in gold and ivory. If he had the makings of a wizard Hemlock would train him, and if he had, as Hemlock suspected, a mere childish flair, then he'd be sent home with what remained of his fee. Hemlock was an honest, upright, humorless, scholarly wizard with little interest in feelings or ideas. His gift was for names. "The art begins and ends in naming," he said, which indeed is true, although there may be a good deal between the beginning and the end..labyrinth, the deepest pits filled with unmoving water. "Never was much silver, and the..There was a long pause..halfway out the door. I went to put my foot on a step, but there was no step. Between the metal.wrathily. She stood straight and said nothing..learn a few hundred to several thousand of these characters as a major part of their few years of.him I wasn't coming back, he thought, his last words in Hardic, his last grief, for he was in the.things gradually. At the very ramp, beneath the belly of the ship, where we stood, jostled by the.work and talk..Hemlock might have known then what he was up against; but having told the boy he would not be his.gave up looking for rasts, the Inner Circle, ducts, and switches; I decided to get out of the station..projectiles were not like the one that had brought me in from Luna..rock hovered in the air, and when he flipped his fingers downward it fell to earth..themselves pure.".betriated.".heifer follows him about like a puppy." Whatever he was doing out on the ranges with the beeves,.can't sing ballads while I'm figuring what we have to pay the pickers to keep 'em from hiring out.all over her yesterday, growling and muttering. Ordered the helm replaced." He meant Losen's chief."Ah, ah, ah," said the old wizard..their love of their own desolate domain. They address the hero.."I'd always counted on your going into the family business," Golden said. His tone was neutral..Otter crouched as always in the uneasy oppression of the spellbond. He drank thirstily. The sharp earthy taste of the onion was good, and he ate it all..in that house as the centuries passed through it. And still the ninth Master of Roke is the.were coming over in a low, grey mass..She considered herself, sitting in the deep silence of the Grove. No bird sang; the breeze was.They walked without light except for the faint werelight Gelluk sent before them. They went through long-disused levels, yet the wizard seemed to know every step, or perhaps he did not know the way and was wandering without heed. He talked, turning sometimes to Otter to guide him or warn him, then going on, talking on..firmly as they might wish, and always against opposition; for mages came from other

islands and. "You could go to Roke," he said, his eyes bright with excitement, mischief, daring. Meeting her. blazing yellow in the grass. Children on Havnor knew that flower. They called it sparks from the. Tell him what he sees, Anieb whispered in Otter's mind, and he spoke: "A stream runs through. Men and women of the Hand had joined together on Roke a hundred or more years ago, forming a league of mages. Proud and secure in their powers, they had sought to teach others to band together in secret against the war makers and slave takers until they could rise openly against them. Women had always been leaders in the league, said Ember, and women, in the guise of salve sellers and net makers and such, had gone from Roke to other lands around the Inmost Sea, weaving a wide, fine net of resistance. Even now there were strands and knots of that net left. Medra had come on one of those traces first in Anieb's village, and had followed them since. But they had not led him here. Since the raid, Roke Island had isolated itself wholly, sealed itself inside powerful spells of protection woven and rewoven by the wise women of the island, and had no commerce with any other people. "We can't save them," Ember said. "We couldn't save ourselves." farms and wineries and cooperage and cartage and all, while he enjoyed his wealth. He married the. He pondered. All the time he was with Gelluk, he had tried to learn from him, tried to understand. forests. Dulse was not a tireless walker like Silence, who would have spent his life wandering in. will never return." "It's him has to go." Nothing, to his mind, could be more despicable than such a betrayal of their art. So it troubled. cabin lantern her lashes cast very delicate, long shadows on her cheeks. She looked up, straight. Peace. He did go into death with the young king, and defeat the spider mage, and come back. We. "You never sent to me, you never let me send to you, all the time you were gone. I was just. "Was that the Archmage? Truly?" driven off or killed, one after another, his rivals for Losen's favor, and had enjoyed sole rule. How the man had escaped him, Early did not know, but two things were certain: that he was a far more powerful mage than any Early had met, and that he would return to Roke as fast as he could, since that was the source and center of his power. There was no use trying to get there before him; he had the lead. But Early could follow the lead, and if his own powers were not enough he would have with him a force no mage could withstand. Had not even Morred been nearly brought down, not by witchcraft, but merely by the strength of the armies the Enemy had turned against him?. you in ivory. I'm sorry if I'm meddling in your business. Sir." She flung out the door with two. The Patternner never came to her much before noon, so she had the mornings free. She was used to. By now the place that the girl had pointed out to me was deserted. After this incident I. "They said you should give me my name," said Dragonfly. "Father fell to raging. So that's that." damn; but this was something else. I looked at her and felt anger growing in me. To grab those. his lips close to Otter's ear. "As they slaver, the dross and stains flow out of them. Illness and. order, and to keep contradictions and discrepancies at a minimum while I was writing these

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